Clara Jaffke.
Saginaw High School
Grade IX

STUDENT LANTERN

1920

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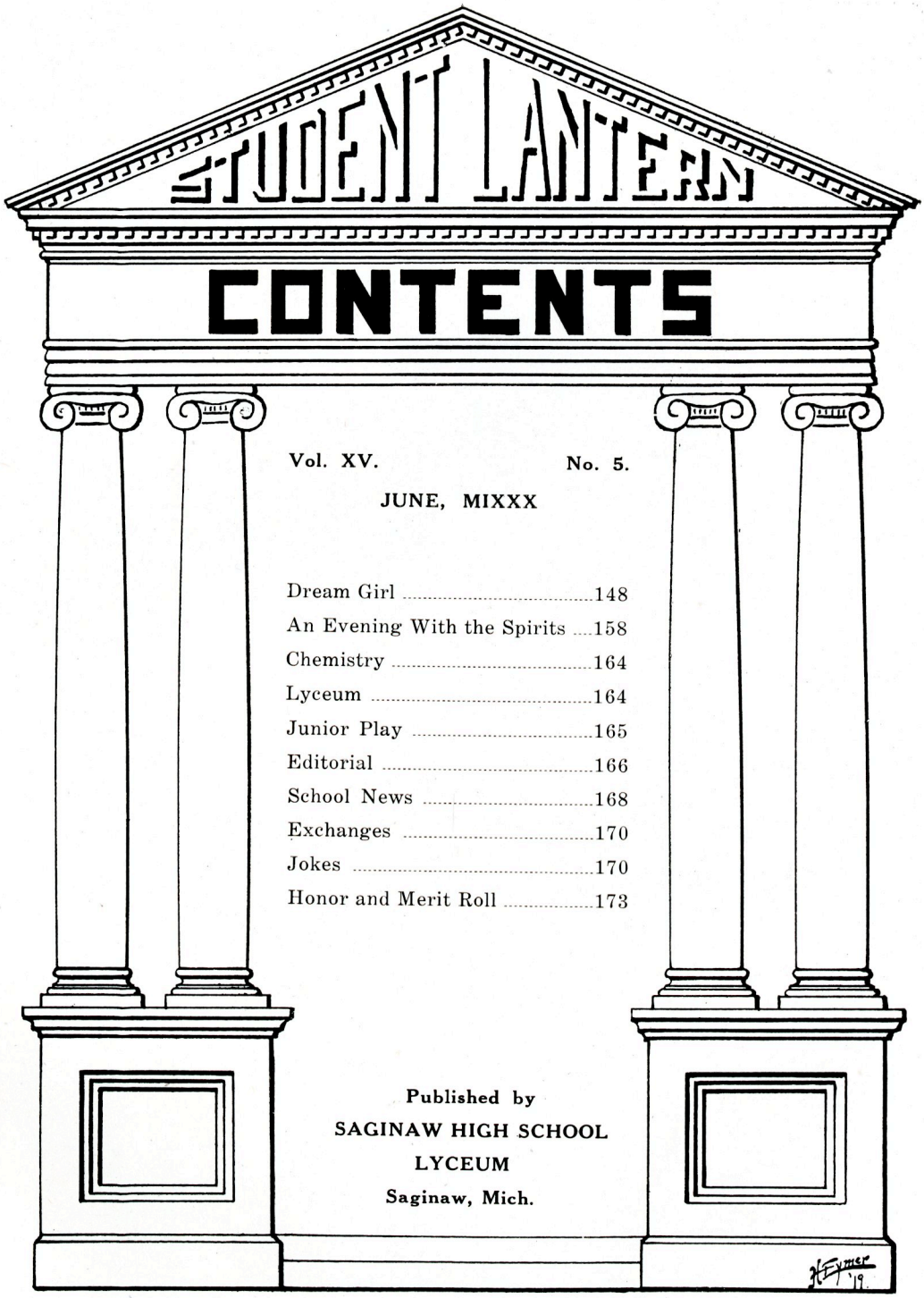

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In due recognition of his unfailing services for the progress of our High School this issue of the "Student Lantern" is respectfully dedicated to

Mr. H. S. Doolittle

STUDENT LANTERN

VOLUME XV JUNE 1920 NUMBER 5

The Dream Girl.

POOR MARCIA CRAGMAN! At last the desire of her young heart was answered. She was a full fledged Freshman at Calbrium College. Marcia had just entered her boudoir, a plain but extremely neat room. She had found it hard to deprive herself of one of those exquisite dormitory suites where the greater part of the student body resided. But she must be satisfied. Just to realize that she—an ordinary, unknown country girl—was now to pursue her course of study at one of America's foremost colleges gave her some satisfaction. However, no one but Marcia herself realized how hard she had worked for this—the most inexpensive and commonplace comforts of Calbrium.

"Oh!" she sighed to herself as she threw her books upon the bed, "was it worth it?" And then, as if answering her own question, "I only hoped to get here, and now I have that, but I want more, more. Oh, it's so hard to feel satisfied when you think of how you've worked, saved and scimped all your High School days to get this—the least. And other girls, she continued, "have everything and do nothing. Oh!"

"Say, darlin', going to the Fresh dance tonight?", exclaimed her companion as she entered the room. "It's—why, Mart, dear, you've been crying. Bad news from home? No? Well, then tell me what has happened to my noble chum?"

"Oh, nothing you would understand", Marcia returned lifelessly, as she began rearranging the dressing table appointments.

"Mart, come here this instant and tell me what ails you", commanded Anne O'Brien, her roommate. Being of a reticent nature, Marcia had been drawn out of her shell by the impulsive and thoroughly loveable Anne, and, as usual, she at length confided in her.

"I'm so disappointed; I can't go to the dance because—because my dress did not come and I have no other frock that is suitable."

"You poor dear—is that all that's troubling you? Why, that's easily fixed", replied Anne. "You shall wear my dress of dotted Swiss mull,

and with this Spanish comb, and cameo pin, and this gorgeous, cob web-by lace scarf—why you will be a creation of the Gods of art."

"You are a wonder, Anne, but I can't accept it. I appreciate your generosity but I just can't do it." And she buried her face in the pillow.

"What do you say if we go canoeing tonight? I'm not very keen on this party anyway", suggested the kind hearted Irish Miss. She realized the sensitive nature of her companion, and knew it would be useless to try to persuade her to go to the dance

"Why, Anne, I wouldn't dream of having you miss that dance. You know that dancing is your main sustenance. You are so good to me—oh, I do appreciate it."

"Well, Mart, you know I wouldn't enjoy myself if I had to think you were at home spending a miserable evening."

"I won't be, though", and a fire of determination sparkled in the large brown eyes. "I'm going canoeing—and alone. I shall wear your finery, and enjoy my appearance by myself."

"Well, you certainly are an enigma. But, go to it, if you won't let me share your evening's pleasure", teased Anne.

Anne was the last of the girls at Warmington House to leave for the dance. She kissed her chum goodby, and reluctantly departed.

Marcia tried to read, then to sew, but everything seemed so very boresome. She couldn't become interested in anything. Finally a spirit of adventure took hold of her. And with the same impulsive desire she put on the apparel that Anne had generously offered her. The effect was dazzling.

"Oh." she exclaimed, "it is becoming". And then a certain undefinable pride came over her and she was tempted to change back to her middy skirt. "Oh, well", she soliloquized, "I may as well leave it on. No one will see me". And she picked up her guitar and sauntered off to paddle by herself.

The moon played on the waves of the inland lake. It was one of those moonlight nights that induces one to think romance, want romance, and to even pray for it. Marcia's thoughts were running adrift. She picked up her guitar and unconsciously struck off the tune "Nobody Knows and Nobody Seems to Care."

What was that? It was the strains of a ukulele. But what was the tune and who was the player? Had someone else barked his canoe near her? All these thoughts ran pell-mell through her bewildered brain. Yes, that was it. And she recalled the lines to the tune he was playing—

"Oh, but I'm so lonely,
Oh, but I'm so blue;
I want someone to love, dear,
And I'm sure that you will do.

If only you can say, dear,
That I can come to you—"

And again that spirit of romance urged her on. Before the usually calm and reserved Marcia had time to reflect she was strummin'—"Come over here—I want you, dear, right over here." Then Mart reflected. But it was too late. A canoe was skipping over the water and toward her. Poor Miss Cragman had done, for her, the unusual. Here she was face to face with an unknown college man!

"Pardon me! I didn't mean to interrupt. But you know the moon and n' everything."

"What a predicament I am in!" thought Marcia. "If only I hadn't followed my impetuous desires. They always lead one astray. But now, he isn't so bad-looking! Oh, excuse me", she stammered aloud. "I was just-er-just thinking."

"So I perceived. I may as well introduce myself. I am Shirwood Bachman. And you?"

"Why a —." But Marcia retreated from his fixed gaze, and conducted her canoe smoothly and swiftly along its homeward course.

Mr. Bachman was too amazed to follow her. "And I don't even know her name", he mused. "But I shall always call her my dream girl."

"Tell us now, Woody, what's come over you?" his chums begged several weeks later. "You act so melancholy of late."

"Well, boys, "I'm in love!"

"Zowie! It gets 'em all", teased "Scissors" Herrick. "Come on out with it. Get it out of your system."

"Who is she?" asked another in an ironical tone.

"Why a— my dream girl."

"Dream girl!" they chorused.

"They all fall for it", Red retorted with humorous sarcasm. Then Shirwood assumed a very serious air. He told the incident of the canoe trip in a most abstracted manner.

"Well, what does she look like? What is her name?"

"I don't know her name", replied Woody, "but if you really want to see her, follow me."

The young men didn't know what was to happen. Never had Shirwood appeared more in earnest Eventually they reached the door of his studio, and went in. He calmly withdrew a covering from one of his many paintings and before them was a nearly completed picture of a young girl in a canoe at evening. She was seated at a slight angle, and was glancing over her right shoulder, playing a guitar. Her large, lustrous brown eyes were laughing, daring, yet in their depths lurked mockery. The daintily chiseled features belied the challenge of those irresistable eyes. The narrow hairline eyebrows, the smiling red lips, the proud chin spoke of refinement and purity. The faintly tinted oval face was framed by masses of brown hair, piled high upon the head, in which was thrust an antique Spanish comb. A scarf drawn about her shoulders disclosed a neck of unblemished whiteness. The background was hazy and indistinct, for night had fallen and the trees were merged into an inpenetrable darkness.

"That's a masterpiece, old man", said Mr. Herrick in a most admiring tone. "It's worth a fortune."

"Well, thats' she, boys. Anyway, all that I have left of her", sighed Bachman, rather hopelessly.

"Breathes, there a soul with beauty so rare, who with this 'dream girl' can compare?" sang Red Palmer. "Why, old top, I'd fall for her with my eyes closed", he continued. Although the boys remarked about the girl, more than the artist's work, they realized the wonder that he was.

"Make me a promise, boys—"

"What?"

"That you will tell no one of the painting but try and learn the name and residence of my dream girl."

"Agreed", they aswered.

: : : : : : : : :

The rain was coming down in sheets. A rain drabbled girl was scurrying in and out amongst the excited pedestrians. Her arms were loaded with some precious nut sandwiches and other dainties from a popular college tea shop. She was managing an umbrella with great difficulty. Bang! Now, whose dignity had she ruined? "So sorry, sir", she meekly said.

"Why, that's perfectly all right, Miss—why dream girl", he answered in joyous bewilderment.

"Dream girl!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, of course, my dream girl", he repeated half to himself. "Pardon my rudeness. If you'll permit me to help you with your load."

"I can get along very well, thank you", she prettily retorted.

"I'll call a taxi, and then try to explain my abruptness."

"I am quite able to walk home."

"Well, you will allow me to walk with you", he answered in a most winning tone.

"If it will prevent an argument—." By the time they reached Marcia's home the two had met with a mutual understanding.

"Do come in, Mr. Bachman. Anne is making some fudge. You see, the girls went to town, so Mrs. Warmington, Anne and I have the house to ourselves."

Shirwood considered himself very lucky to be guest of two such entertaining people as Marcia and Anne proved to be. He discovered that these girls were far more interesting than his wealthy friends of Eleanor Chestnut Dormitory.

He urged the girls to take lunch with him the following Saturday and finally gained their consent.

Miss Cragman was busy with the final touches of her manicure. She couldn't decide whether or not she should go. Unfortunately Anne was called home for the week-end, so it left her to keep the engagement for the two. However, Marcia had been very lucky. She had received a new suit, a birthday gift from an aunt of hers. She had purchased a smart pair of shoes and a nifty fall hat with some money her family had sent in honor of her nineteenth birth anniversary which had occurred several weeks previous.

Suddenly a large touring car stopped in front of the house and Shirwood stepped out. Marcia was greatly surprised, and also disappointed. She had judged him to be in moderate circumstances. And now—should she go with HIM? She viewed the garments she had considered rather pleasing, and they seemed so very common. Here was Shirwood. What could she say to him? "Oh, I'll just have to go and make the best of it", and, snatching a pair of gloves, she went down and met him

The car sped down the dusty road toward the Japanese tea room of Calbrium which was patronized only by the wealthiest students. Marcia had often heard the girls speak of it, but she never dreamed that her hope to lunch there was to be answered. And she had thought only a few weeks ago that her effort had not been worth while. And here she

was the first of the Warmington House girls to have the chance to sample the wonders of this tea shop. And she was with one of the most popular young men.

Upon reaching the quaint house which bore the air of Eastern antiquity, they were conducted to an alcove which Shirwood had previously reserved. During the first course of the richest Japanese delicacies, Mart gazed about her. She admired the rare tapestry draperies with their interesting and strange designs. Large bouquets of flowers were placed in various niches. Incense of the finest odor was floating through the room. And amid this grandeur, which was so new to Marcia, was that irresistable oriental music. Mr. Bachman was so absorbed in his guest that he lent an unheeding ear to the weird and mystic strains of the orchestra.

Miss Cragman was so amused and interested in the things about her that it was some seconds before she realized Shirwood was addressing her. He was telling her of the many wonderful antique shops in his home town. Commonplace subjects gradually drifted to a more personal channel. Soon Shirwood was confiding in her—in his dream girl.

"Miss Cragman, you seem so sympathetic. I believe a criminal could find courage to tell you his plans of theft."

"Don't tell me you are in trouble."

"Oh no. But you know I've heard how much College means to you."

"Yes, my success in future life depends on it. I've always wanted to do something to make my family proud of me, and—"

"I'm in the same boat, only sticking for a different part. My family's honor and inheritance are at stake."

"Then you are wealthy, Mr. Bachman?"

"Not unless I make good. I've always been doing something foolish and getting poor Dad in trouble. So he has given me this chance to prove my worth. Each month I send him a report of my work and whereabouts. So far sailing's been pretty fair. If I don't yield to my adventuresome spirit which craves for a wild time!"

"Goodness!" Marcia suddenly broke in, "it's dark already, and our musical club meets tonight."

"Well, Miss Cragman, I'm sorry to have bothered you with my troubles, but you make such a good listener. I'm also sorry to have kept you so long, but I'll get you home in no time." And Mart did arrive at the club in due time, after making another date for Anne and herself for the near future.

Fall soon merged into winter. Bobbing parties, skating and hikes took up most of the leisure time of the students of Calbrium. Christmas vacation was cheerfully welcomed. And then back to the grind until Spring

Anne and Marcia were having some glorious times with Mr. Bachman and his chum, Mr. Herrick. Marcia had gladly entered in the social life of college and was warmly welcomed.

Then a tragedy befell Calbrium. Boys were called daily from their classes and summoned to the dean's office by a foreboding hand. Whispering groups were gathered about the campus, conversing in a most serious tone.

"Have they definitely placed guilt on anyone?"

"Why I heard", another girl answered in a guarded tone, "they are blaming Bachman and 'Scissors'."

"Oh, I'm sure they're not at fault."

"But Woody's car was used."

"What will happen to the ones who did it?"

"Happen! They will be suspended from school!"

"I think so—sh, here comes Miss Atkins, that snoopy Psychology teacher", said the first speaker.

Various groups were carrying on just such hushed and incoherent discourses, but no real facts had developed as yet

Then, suddenly, the suspense was broken. Shirwood and "Scissors" Herrick were sent from Calbrium for violation of the most stringent rule.

The dignity and life happiness of poor Miss Salidson, the Spanish teacher, had forever been ruined. At least she thought so. She had been taken out in the country and left there in a rainstorm at midnight. A fever had resulted and she was very ill. There was a blot, now, on the once stainless record of Calbrium. Every evidence of guilt pointed to Shirwood. His machine had been used, he was late for classes the following morning, and he appeared nervous and extremely worried.

Miss Salidson gave a detailed account of the incident. She stated that it was about eleven p. m. when she was first disturbed. She was preparing an examination for the next day's class to which Shirwood and Herrick belonged. She heard her name called and unsuspectingly went out. A handkerchief was tied about her mouth and another about her hands. She was carried in the car and rushed out in the near-by country where she was found in the early morning. Miss Salidson said the

men's faces were well concealed, but she was positive it was Mr .Bachman and his chum.

"What could be their object?", the Dean asked. The teacher replied that probably it was the test they wished to avoid. It was the final exam. of the winter term and it was necessary to pass it to receive their credits.

Shirwood, when questioned, didn't deny the charge, and immediately left College. He left only a note for Marcia which said, "Trust me, dream girl, some day I will return".

And Marcia did believe in him. She recalled their conversation at the Japanese tea shop many months before. Since that he had done everything for her. Even the least conveniences of Calbrium seemed a luxury to her now. She had been invited to all the parties, debates and operas. She had never lacked an invitation since she knew him. And now—would his father understand that he was doing right? Would he believe in him as Mart did? "Oh, I just must help him! If only someone would tell me how!" The weeks sped by quickly into the early Spring. The monthly report had to be sent to Shirwood's father. And if he learned the truth, his son would lose his inheritance.

All of a sudden an idea came to Marcia. She rushed down to the tennis courts and excitedly forced Anne from a very important game, to get her sanction.

"Well, darlin', it's all right if you can work it."

"What else can I do?"

"I really don't understand you, Mart."

So Marcia briefly explained She told Anne of Shirwood's father and what this failure meant to both. "I just have to do it!"

"Well, if you're as good at imitating writing as you are at spoiling games, it's okeh", laughed Anne.

"I'm really sorry, dear, but I feel safer when I know I have your approval. Come on and I'll go back and watch you win this set."

Everything and everywhere in Calbrium was incensed with the spirit of commencement. The students found very little time for social activities. It was work that was required, and work was received. Everyone was putting forth a last effort to raise their standard before leaving. The artists of the college were busy entering their masterpieces in the state contest.

Marcia was finally puzzled. She had been conducting affairs very well, so far. But what was to be done about graduation? Mr. Bach-

man would surely come to see his son, who was supposed to be numbered among the graduates. "I will keep going as long as possible, and then, if nothing happens, I shall have to give in.

Two days later she burst into her room, threw her arms about her chum and overwhelmed her with kisses. "Anne dear, he's coming back! He's going to graduate. He'll be here—"

"Have you gone insane, Mart? Calm yourself. Then tell me what you're raving about. Who's coming?"

"Shirwood—er—I mean Mr. Bachman", she said, blushingly.

"Mr. Bachman! Do tell me about it, Mart."

"Well, it's this way", she said in a calmer tone, "when he left here, he went to another college with practically the same courses of study and standards. The dean discovered the parties that were really guilty."

"Who are they?" asked impatient Anne.

"I can't tell their names. But they were just some boys who had a grudge against Miss Salidson and took this means of getting even."

"How does it happen that Shirwood can graduate here?"

"Why—a—", she stammered, reddening slightly.

"Come on, Mart, don't bother about me. I realize you've been writing to each other.

"You see, the dean called me to her office about a week ago and askd me if I knew his present address. She told me she realized she had acted wrongly, and had just learned the truth of the incident."

"Yes, go on", urged Anne.

"Well, today she told me she had written to him and received an answer. He was going to have his Spring credits transferred and graduate with his class. So his daddy can come now!"

"Another puzzle. Do you mean to tell me you did that which—"

"The very thing! The dean promised me she wouldn't tell his father of his suspense until graduation And I have been forging letters for over three months Three false reports against me!"

"Does Mr. Bachman know of it?"

"I hope not! Neither Junior nor Senior. And may they never learn the truth!"

"Anne, I believe that is Mr. Bachman's car coming down the road!"

"Yes, and it's stopping here!" Soon the occupants alighted and they proved to be Bachman and his faithful pal, "Scissors". A very animated conversation was held until Mrs. Warmington called "lights out", and good-by was reluctantly said.

: : : : : : : : :

Commencement was a beautiful sight. It signified a thorough preparation of these students to go out and make the world a bigger and better place for humanity.

Marcia was seated next to Shirwood's father, who found the company of this frank, wholesome girl most enticing.

A most interesting address was given, and the customary rites were performed. Then the greatest honor that the state offered to its colleges had befallen Calbrium this year. For the promotion of art among college students, the state offered a prize of five thousand dollars to the college student who produced the best painting. Entrances were made from February until two weeks previous to graduation. The state governor was present, himself, to confer the honor. No one in the school had an idea who was to receive the credit. And then the intense silence was broken, and everyone burst into applause. The governor had announced that Shirwood Bachman had received a unanimous vote of the judges on his picture, called "Dream Girl", which was entered last February.

"Poor Marcia Cragman! She was stunned. When Shirwood took her home she was confused. She didn't know what to say.

"Marcia, dear, you're not angry?"

"No!"

"I did it for you, dear, and for father." That night something got hold of me. I confided in Herrick, and the two of us drove in town. I didn't want anyone to know about it. You see, I never dreamed it would win, although the girl's beautiful enough. Well, on my return I forgot to put my car away. Two hours later I went down to get it. Two boys were just returning with it. I questioned them, and learned the truth. One was a cousin of mine, and he begged me not to tell. He doesn't graduate until next year. When he discovered Herrick and I were suspended and couldn't graduate, he confessed."

"Oh, Mr. Bachman, you're a wonder!" Marcia accidentally said aloud.

"Dearest dream-girl, do you really mean it?"

Marcia allowed herself to be drawn in his arms by way of answering.

"And you are willing that I may have the original of my painting?"

"Some day, yes." And their love was sealed with a kiss and a ring.

—MAXINE E. RUFFIER.

An Evening with the Spirits.

"SPIRITUALISTIC Seance Spaulding!" The man looked up in amazement. "Oh, come now, boy, you haven't fallen for that Eunk, have you? What do you want me along for—as a body guard?"

With all this jesting, the serious expression did not leave Spaulding's face. The big, powerful, Y. M. C. A. secretary rose from his desk and went around to lay a strong hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"Look here, Spaulding", he said in a low tone, "I've had experience in that line. I'll tell you—come up to the house to-night. After I've told you my story, you can go to your meeting if you like, altho I shan't promise to go along. Seven-thirty."

: : : : : : : : :

George Arnold admitted his caller himself. When Spaulding was divested of his overcoat, they went into the den. There was no light there, except that sleepy glow which comes from an open fire. Arnold had placed the most comfortable of the arm-chairs before it. With the smoking stand between them and the Secretary's best cigars in their mouths, there seemed to be no light conversation to fit the occasion. They puffed on in silence for a while. Then Arnold began.

"Several years ago I was a "Y" secretary for a railroad which ran between here and Toledo. I often took the trip with the men. I liked them and they seemed to like me. One fellow, in particular, interested me. He was a young engineer, Bob Lewis. He was the kind of fellow whom you would trust at first glance—clear-eyed with strong faith in his own convictions. Somehow we singled each other out as companions and we soon became close friends. All this time I watched over the men with great care. They meant a great deal to me.

"One day I was called away on business for a week or two. When I returned I was shocked by the very evident change that had come over the boys. They were all quiet, reserved, and they seemd to avoid me. When I saw Bob I knew that something had happened.

"Something's wrong, Bob", I said. "What is it?"

He didn't answer at first. Finally he said, "It's money, George."

"Been gambling?"

"No."

"What then?"

"He swallowed hard as if he did not know how to go on. Drawing me to a chair he started to tell me.

"I saw my mother the other night. The medium brought her onto the platform."

In a flash I saw it all—spiritualistic meetings, with the crooks taking the poor boy's money. "Now sit still, Spaulding. Wait 'till you hear the whole story."

"George, soon I'm going to see my little sister that had the measles when I did, and died. I must have money and I've paid them all I have on hand."

"Bob", I said sternly. "Is this spiritualistic nonsense what's got the boys?"

"It isn't nonsense, George. It's all just as true as I'm standing here."

"Do you mean that all your money has gone towards that?"

The poor chap grabbed my arm almost with tears in his eyes.

"That's not all. I want to get married. She waits table in a restaurant down in Toledo. I want to get her away from here, George. It's down by the tracks. I can't stand it to see her there. She's the sweetest thing in the world. But I can't do anything because I have no money."

"Well, old chap", I said, "I'll go down to Toledo with you to-morrow. I'll have a look around and after that I can tell better what to do."

I went down, and I found that the spiritualist ferment had spread like a plague. Someone had gotten the railroad men interested and they were all believing it as hard as they could. I had a friend on the police force, Jerry Stevens, and I went to him.

"We've had our eyes on that situation for some time", he told me. "Something crooked about it. They keep the meeting place a secret but I know that the entrance is thru Jake Williams' saloon."

"I'll find out more about it", I answered him. "I'm going to have Bob take me there tonight. He'll do it. He wants to convince me. He is so wrapped up in it, himself. This thing is ruining Bob's life. I don't know about the others, but I guess they are in as deeply. Anyway I'll do my best."

"Good!" Jerry answered. "And say, George, he remarked as I was going out of the door, "If you need help, we'll be there."

Bob was delighted at my suggestion to go with him.

"I'll show you that it's on the level!"

"If it's on the level", I returned, "why do they keep the whole thing so quiet?"

"The authorities oppose it. They just naturally oppose all gatherings of laboring men. But it's on the level, George."

When we set out for supper, Bob led me in a different direction than we usually took when we were going out to eat

"I have to see Rosie tonight", Bob explained

"Oh, it's 'Rosie', is it?" I joked But Bob was very serious.

"Yes, Rosie Morens."

When we entered the restaurant, I did not wonder that Bob wished to get his girl away from it It was one of those dirty, ill-smelling places which one finds in the lower districts of almost any city.

Two or three waitresses were busy among the tables. One was strikingly attractive. I divined at once that she was Rosie.

Bob and I took a table in one corner. The girl approached. Bob's face went red and white by turns. I was positive, then, that this must be Rosie. Bob introduced me to her and I studied her as closely as I dared. She was a pretty young woman with black hair and large dark eyes. I could see at once the power which she had over Bob, but I could not so quickly determine her feelings for him.

After she brought our food Bob scarcely ate, so busy was he watching her.

"Isn't she wonderful, George?" he exclaimed.

"When the waitress laid down our checks, Bob said: "May I take you home tonight?"

Rosie cast a furtive glance at me, then bent down and whispered, yet not so softly that I did not hear: "Are you going to the meeting tonight?" Bob nodded. "Then meet me on the corner at eleven."

Rosie smiled very winningly upon him, and he rose to go, deliriously happy.

"Have you asked her to marry you yet?" I inquired.

Bob looked at me scornfully.

"Would I ask any girl to marry me unless I could support her?"

It was too early for the meeting yet, so we walked around for a while. At nine o'clock we went toward Jake Williams' saloon. When we entered the door I felt that the evening's adventure had begun.

Bob led the way to a little back room. We seated ourselves and gave the waiter our orders. The minute he left, Bob kicked the table and

chairs to one side, pulled up the rug and disclosed a trap door. When this was opened I saw below a flight of stairs.

With a 'come on!' Bob started down. I hesitated a minute, not liking the looks of things. Then I, too, plunged down into the inky darkness, closing behind me the trap door and, with it, the entrance to the outside world.

The dampness of an old cellar smote me. I shivered. The stairs were short and I was glad to find my feet on a solid, stone floor. Bob opened a door at the foot and we entered a dimly lighted passageway. There was nothing to be seen but the stone floor and brick walls. We went thru another door. I detected a different odor this time and knew we must be in a cellar, other than the one under the saloon Before us appeared a flight of stairs. We mounted up and up until we reached the front part, second floor. Faint voices beneath us made me realize that we were above the store next to the saloon, that of an old pawn broker.

"We crossed a narrow PALLAGE. A door opened. We had stepped into a large hall. At first, not seeing anything clearly in the dim light, I had time to collect my sense of direction. We must now be over Jake's saloon, but what a circuitous way to get there.

"Bob drew me into a seat. The room was filled with men, railroad men most of them. At the end of the room was a platform with heavy curtains on the sides. A blue light was flitting about on the stage. Then two lights appeared. Bob, beside me, drew in his breath. The torches were extinguished.

Then the faint outlines of a figure took shape. It advanced across the platform. The tenseness of the men and the ridiculousness of the whole situation struck me. I laughed aloud.

"You don't believe in that bunk, do you?" I asked George derisively. A surge of angry resentment swept the men who heard my words.

"Please, please, don't", begged Bob in a low tone. "They will turn you out if you aren't careful. Besides, the spirit won't act if it feels the presence of an opposing mind."

Evidently the feelings of the spirit weren't very acute, because it 'acted' all right. At least the men relieved themselves of a good deal of their hard-earned money.

When the meeting was over, every one rose to go. I took Bob's arm.

"We're going this way", I commanded. I led him to one side and then in the direction of the platform. Unnoticed by anyone, we gained the curtains. I pulled them aside. The 'spirit' was taking off the veils

which had given it that hazy, ghostlike outline. Bob saw the same thing I did.

"Here's your ghost!" I laughed. My clear words rang over the hall. The men, leaving by every aisle, halted as if shot. The lights snapped off. Bob and I stood motionless for a few seconds. I seemed to have lost my power to think. Bob's voice, hard from bitter disillusionment, recalled me.

"You've put us in a devil of a fix, George", he said. Then I realized that altho we had gotten in safely, getting out would be an entirely different question.

The men had tumbled the chairs over in their panic. When we finally reached the door there was no one else in the room. I followed at Bob's heels. Across the passage we went, down the long flight of stairs. Just ahead of us the door at the entrance to the Williams' cellar, creaked. I jumped from nervousness. We pushed the door open There was no dim light in the cellarway now. The blackest of depths greeted us. I stumbled against a box. That had not been there before. Bob's foot crunched over some broken glass. He reached for my hand. I took another step and fell over a barrel. Bob stopped when I fell. I felt a movement at my other side. I did not dare reach out my hand. A minute I listened. No sound I got to my feet slowly and as noiselessly as possible. Now Bob and I advanced step by step, feeling our way with our feet, and with one hand. I was afraid to drop Bob's hand for he knew the way and I didn't. If I lost him they would get me for certain Another box. I stepped over it. Bob hit against a large packing case, standing directly in front of us. We went around it with cat-like tread. A step sounded behind me. I clasped Bob's hand convulsively. If I, a big, strong man, was terrified, do not wonder I never went thru such an inferno as that was.

We went thru the door at the end of the passage. It creaked when we came thru. A second later it creaked again. We were now where the stairs had been. We felt all around for them, then began to hunt again. Fear gripped us and caused us to step in panic. The stairs were no longer there! The trap-door must be overhead somewhere, but where?

My heart was pounding like a sledge hammer. We remained standing, motionless, scarcely breathing. There were no stairs, no trap-door. But there was someone else in the room. I could feel his presence. Did I feel his breath? Or was that Bob's upon my neck. Terror gripped my

heart and wrung it. If the man was going to do something why didn't he do it? We were caught, trapped like rats. Why prolong this awful uncertainty? There in the dark with that evil presence hanging around us.

Suddenly there was a noise overhead. Someone had entered the back room. The waiter came and left. The occupant kicked over the table, the chair and jerked up the rug. The trap-door opened. There was a stream of light. Two hands reached down into the depths. A hoarse voice said, "Jump, George, quick!" I sprang.

At that moment hell broke. Shots were fired, voices called. A knife was hurled at me. It struck me in the waist, tearing a long gash, just as Jerry Stevens lifted me up to safety. We dashed from the saloon to a waiting patrol wagon. Once inside, I realized nothing more.

That night the police raided the place. Bob was caught with the rest of them but Jerry saw that he was extricated all right. The spiritualists were a bunch of thugs, playing the confidence game. Everyone had beautiful police records.

"Well, Spaulding, I guess that's all."

James Spaulding came back to the arm-chair and the fire with a jerk. He turned on Arnold viciously, but, seeing who it was, he realized with a shame-faced grim. He said nothing for a few minutes; then rose to go.

"Thanks, Arnold, old man. I guess I won't go to the seance. I'm cured. And I suppose that that experience cured your friend, Bob, too. By the way, where does Rosie Morens come in?"

Arnold laughed.

"Rosie came in for a good share of the haulings. She was the spirit."

—E. C. L. '20.

———o———

E. Sharpe: When does two from five leave one?

B. Kynast: Never, it always leaves three.

E. Sharpe: Don't be too sure. What about taking "st" from "stone".

♧ ♧ ♧

Sand in his pipes: "Charlie Doombrown buried his head in his arms and gutted his palate."

Jazztinction: "The dance program will include all the latest dances, as well as some of the modern ones."

♧ ♧ ♧

D. H. D. (Who had just assigned a topic on patent medicine victime): "Mr. Doolittle or Mr. MacCallum can tell you something about this."

C. White: "Sounds bad "

CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT

Miss Streeter, of the local Red Cross Chapter, brought to the Household Chemistry Class, of Saginaw High School, four rats, about a week old. Two of these were to be fed a mixed diet plus milk; the others the mixed diet only. The object of this was to demonstrate in a forcible way the nutritious value of milk.

Soon after the rats were left in the Chemistry class all minds were busy choosing fitting and proper names for the newly acquired charges. One was duly inflicted with the name Jeremiah, 'Jerry' for short; another Peter, whose nickname was 'Pete'; one Djer-Kiss and the other Gwendolyn. With this happy beginning everything went on beautifully for several days until some thoughtless person fed Jeremiah rubber tubing. Shortly after 'Jerry' died. However, this was the only casualty that occurred during the experiment. Peter and Gwendolyn gained greatly on their daily rations of milk, whereas Djer-Kiss changed very little and looked sadly neglected at the end of the three weeks, which is the time required for their full growth. When the rats first came they weighed 43 grams. Peter, at the end of this time, weighed 118.4 grams, and Gwendolyn, 98.9 grams, compared to Djer-Kiss who had gained only a little over 30 grams, weighing 73.2 grams.

By these almost unbelievable figures one may readily grasp the necessity of milk, especially in the diet of growing children.

—R. H. '20.

—o—

LYCEUM DANCE

Plans had been made by both our Lyceum society and foot ball team to give spring parties. The object of the football hop was to raise more money for the purchase of sweaters. The Lyceum believed that by combining the two parties more money could be obtained, so on May 10th we all enjoyed the spring dance at the Masonic Temple. The ballroom was decorated in the school colors of black and gold. Peppy music was furnished by Geo. Martuch. We do not know how much money was given to help buy sweaters, but, honestly, don't you think just a few more tickets might have been purchased by some of our jazz-hounds?

JUNIOR PLAY

The Class of 1921 rather changed the general routine of school plays this year by giving the play two nights instead of one. "When Smith Stepped Out" was the play given at the Masonic Temple, May 28th and 29th. A different cast was used both nights and both performances were exceptionally fine.

"When Smith Stepped Out" was a comedy in three acts, of a man, being Smith, who was exceedingly absent minded. On taking his usual evening walk, and knowing of ———— town, he discovers his watch is missing. In some way he acquired two watches and after much discussion with Keene, Smith rids himself of the watch. As in all plays this one ends well—as "for ever and ever."

Cast of Characters: 1st name Friday; 2nd Saturday—

Wm. Horace Smith (Uncle Bill) Milton Greenebaum.....Gunther Tiedke
George Smith (His Nephew) ..... Edwin Koepke
Richard Keene (A Detective) George Hesse ..... Morton Stewart
Bob Stanley (A Wooer) ..... Sears Herbert
Mrs. George Smith (Nellie) Genevieve Kerr ..... Catherine Goodrich
Muriel Armitage (Her Younger Sister) Ethel Bushree.....Helen O'Hare
Miss Winslow (A Spinster) ..... Doris Opperman
Hilda (Maid) ..... Isabel Duby

Does your wife ever give you a compliment?

Well, when the fire needs replenishing she will look at me and say, "Frederick, the grate".

♧ ♧ ♧

"Hold on there", said the leader of the band, stopping the music and turning to the new trombone player, "this won't do at all. You are three bars ahead of the rest of us."

"I know it", replied the trombonist, proudly. "Didn't I tell you I could play to beat the band?"

♧ ♧ ♧

Little drops of water
Little grains of paint
Make the girls of S. H. S.
Look like what they ain't.

Dad: "Remember, my son, if you want to make a hit you must strike out for yourself."

Son: "You are mixed on your baseball rules, dad—If you strike out you can't make a hit."

♧ ♧ ♧

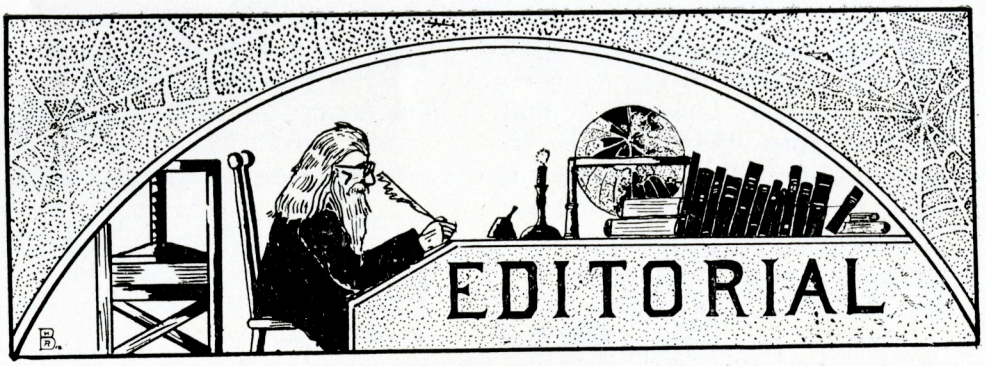
"I could sit here forever and gaze into your eyes", said the impassioned suitor.

"Henrietta!", called her father from his easy chair in the adjoining room, "tell the young man that our lease expires in 1920."

♧ ♧ ♧

M. Moore: Can you imagine anything worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?

M. Rugier: Yes—A centipede with corns.



STUDENT LANTERN

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STUDENT LANTERN,
Saginaw High School,
Saginaw, Mich.

AS a last attempt to satisfy the student body of this High school, we of the Student Lantern Staff offer this graduation issue of the Lantern From all observations it has been a very difficult task to please all people concerned and this we hope to have accomplished.

Whether we have succeeded (and we think we have) or not our only wish is to have some credit given to the comparatively few members of the staff and of the school as a whole, who have worked, and worked faithfully.

To our successors, we wish **real** support from everyone and a prosperous and successful career as (honorable) representatives of the "press" from our High School.

♧ ♧ ♧

"A NEW PRINCIPAL"

AS it is known, to some people at least, that we lose a prominent member of the faculty in the person of Mr. Doolittle, at the end of this school year. This loss is

met with a great deal of regret on the part of most of us, as it is known that Mr. Doolittle is, and has been since the beginning of his services at Saginaw High, a man of very high calibre and has done everything possible that is right to embetter the student body and the school as a whole.

Because of that spirit of "rowdyism" that persisted in sprouting out the past few years, the position as principal has been a very difficult one to hold, but it is certain that everyone has been dealt with fairly, although certain persons have failed to realize that as yet.

Mr. Doolittle goes to Calumet next fall to occupy the position as principal of that high school at a greater salary and with many more facilities than he would have had, had he remained here.

Through the "Lantern" we take a means of wishing Mr. Doolittle the utmost happiness and success in his new location.

To his successor, Mr. Langdon, we extend the same good will and hope that our school will advance to the highest pinnacle of success under his leadership.

—The Editor.

———o———

F. Schmidt: Just happened to run into an old friend down town.

C. Friers: Was he glad to see you?

F. Schmidt: You bet not. I smashed his whole right fender.

♧ ♧ ♧

Extraordinary reversal of form: Little boys who grow up and think that teachers ought to be given enough to live on.

Mary had a little slam
For everyone, and so
The leaves in her engagement book
Were just as white as snow.

♧ ♧ ♧

L. Killen: (Pointing out two men) Well, the one who looks as if he might be the other is the one the other isn't.

♧ ♧ ♧

—Strange, Blossom loves Jack so!

—Oh, Jack isn't so bad!

—That's what makes it strange.

♧ ♧ ♧

She: Why do all these Bolshevist orators look so dirty?

He: Well, they use the soap box instead of the soap.

♧ ♧ ♧

Car for Sale

One Ford car with piston rings,
Two rear wheels and one front spring;
Has no fenders, seat on plank,
Burns lots of gas, and hard to crank;
Carbureter busted half way thru
Engine missing, hits on two.

Three years old, four in Spring,
Has shock absorbers and everything;
Radiator busted, sure does leak,
Differential's dry; you can hear it squeak;
Ten spokes missing; front all bent,
Tires blown out; ain't worth a cent;
Got lots of speed; will run like the deuce,
Burns either gas or tobacco juice;
Tires all off; been run on the rim
A dam good Ford for the shape it's in.

May 3rd—Aurora board meets and decides to dedicate Aurora to Miss Blanchard.

May 4th—Again we attend chapel. Mr. Ruifrok played for us.

May 7th—Lyceum party at Masonic Temple. Dancing 'till twelve?

May 8th—Baseball team plays Bay City Eastern.

May 10th—Rev. Cook elected to give Baccalaureate address.

May 11th—Wasn't chapel just grand? Musical program.

I'll bet we win the medal at Mt. Pleasant.

May 12th—What happened to Mr. Vogt? Only a chemist knows what wicked work some acids do.

Baseball game between faculty and school teams.

Where is the pep this spring? Jean Bentley gives Mr. Doolittle an exhibition in dancing.

May 13th—Mighty nice to have the pop corn man out in front of school after 4th isn't it, boys?

May 14th—Physics lab. class in room 11 can't resist getting cones, etc. from the wagon parked near side door.

May 15th—Track team journeys to big meet at Kalamazoo. Unfortunately they did not bring home "the bacon".

May 17th—We wish Nat and Fran would wear glasses so they'd know to whom they were speaking.

May 18th—Did you see H. Niles drink pop thru rubber tubing down in chemistry class. 'Twas some idea. The pop bottle was put in the drawer—we ask where does Mr. MacCallum sleep, anyway?

May 19th—Will Fran Callam ever get her feet out of the way when doing chemistry experiments? Again she drops acid on them.

May 21—Everybody glad that it's Friday—Means a couple days of vacation. Mr. Bearinger favors (?) Lyceum with a speech.

Say! Who stacked the books?

May 22nd—Thencean enjoys a picnic near Bridgeport. Where was the President?

May 23rd—Ed. Weadock returns to school and the anxious Seniors receive their pins and rings.

May 24th—That was a nice vacation this week-end, wasn't it? Some had a hard time finding their books this morning. Tough luck, of course.

May 25th—No chapel. Everyone disappointed (?)

May 26th—I'll bet the freshies are feeling badly because "service" was not held this morning.

May 27th—Football boys blossom out in new sweaters. Rather cool, aren't they?

Did you see Rollin buying 10 cent ice cream cones? Gee, they looked good!

May 28th—Junior play at Masonic Temple. Can't you just hear Doris now—"I ran over just as I was". The play was a great success and we all congratulate the Juniors—Our hats off to you!

May 29th—We win the Valley Championship in Baseball.

May 31—No school—due to Memorial Day celebrations.

June 1st—Another half holiday. We see the Sir Knights' parade.

Some people are so lucky about excuses.

June 2nd—Upper class chapel. Bob thinks the passing mark should be changed from 65 to 75, even though he won't be here next year.

Arthur Hill fellows talk to us to support their Senior Play. They aren't half bad, after all—Only in athletics!

Fire drill during 7th hour—Only one this year.

June 3rd—Gillingham elected baseball captain for 1921. Committee votes that team play Detroit Western for state title June 18th.

June 4th—Mr. Doolittle thought there was too much noise during 1st hour out in front of school—especially when Rollin arrived on the scene.

Lyceum and Thencean elect officers for next year.

June 5th—Valley Track Meet at Bay City. Corlett wins a first place —Others placed in other events.

June 7th—Clarence Haas had to exonerate himself in 1st hour public speaking XII. The affirmative team misunderstood all his arguments and consequently—well, you all should have heard it.

———o———

Junior N.: Was that a new girl I saw you with last night?

Scotch: Nope, just the old one painted over.

♧ ♧ ♧

Paul S.: And what do you say she's like?

Barney O.: Well, she's this kind of a girl: When you are dancing with her she talks all the time, but when you're alone with her she just sits and looks at you.

Tom: Please, sir, I was dreaming I was going to California and I thought the school bell was the steamboat I was going on.

Teacher: You did, eh! And now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?

George: Please, sir, I—I was just waiting to see Tom off.

♧ ♧ ♧

Isn't Groucher agreeable?
If you catch him off his guard.

OUR EXCHANGE LIST THIS PAST YEAR

"Ah-La-Ha-Sa"	Albert Lea, Minnesota
"The Artisan"	Minneapolis, Minnesota
"The Black and Red"	Watertown, Wisconsin
"The Booster"	Indianapolis, Indiana
"The Bulletin"	Mt. Pleasant, Michigan
"The Criterion"	West Side, Saginaw, Michigan
"The Crimson"	Goshen, Indiana
"The B. H. S. Courant"	Bradford, Pennsylvania
"Commerce Life"	Columbus, Ohio
"The Dart"	Ashtabula, Ohio
"The Gleam"	St. Paul, Minnesota
"Gold and Blue"	Salt Lake City, Utah
"Hi-Times"	Lexington, Kentucky
"The High School Record"	Louisville, Kentucky
"The Interlude"	South Bend, Indiana
"The Key"	Battle Creek, Michigan
"The Scout"	Muskogee, Oklahoma
"The Spy"	Kenosha, Wisconsin
"Su-Hi"	Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan
"The Tiger"	Kewanee, Illinois
"Pleiad"	Albion, Michigan
"The Orient"	Bay City, Michigan
"The X-Ray"	Anderson, Indiana
"Brockenridge Times"	San Antonio, Texas
"The Weekly Ypsi Sem"	Ypsilanti, Michigan
"The Oracle"	Gloversville, New York
"The Toj"	Harrisburg, Virginia
"Maryland School News"	Loch Raven, Maryland
"The Reflector"	Jackson, Michigan
"Panorama"	Binghamton, New York
"Chatham Chatter"	Chatham, New Jersey
"The Echo"	Negaunee, Michigan
"The Crescent"	New Haven, Connecticut
"The Student Annual"	Port Huron, Michigan
"Ravelings"	Decatur, Indiana
"The Tempe Normal Student"	Tempe, Arizona
"Normal College News"	Ypsilanti, Michigan
"D. H. S. Porpoise"	Daytona, Florida

"The High School News" ..... Beaumont, Texas
"X-Ray" ..... Sacramento, California
"Old Gold and Purple" ..... New Orleans, La.
"The Unionite" ..... Grand Rapids, Michigan
"The Bulletin" ..... Springfield, Illinois
"The Scimitar" ..... Lorain, Ohio
"The Polaris" ..... Columbus, Ohio

—o—

OUR MOVIE PLAYS

"Dancin' Shoes" ..... Scotchy Wallace
"Mary's Ankle" ..... Mary Smith
"The Woman Who Understood" ..... Miss Kitchen
"Double Speed" ..... Courtney Connenberg
"What's Your Husband Doing?" ..... Edna Wonderlic
"The Perfect Lover" ..... Babe Cornwell
"The Eyes of Youth" ..... Some Freshie
"The Luck of the Irish" ..... Doris Skimmin
"Three Men and a Girl" .....
.....Babe Cornwell, Leet Denton, Junior Norris and Ann Robertson
"Excuse My Dust" ..... Chuck Sommers
"A Temperamental Wife" ..... Frances Johnson
"Nobody Home" ..... Robert Schirmer
"The Great Love" ..... Sylvia Prall
"The Hoodlum" ..... Ruth Hedrich
"Daddy Long Legs" ..... Frank Whitney
"Out of Luck" ..... Nelson McNally
"Naughty, Naughty" ..... Ken Patterson
"In Again, Out Again" ..... Stewart Kelley
"Don't Ever Marry" ..... Russel Roberts
"She Loves and Lies" ..... Florence Van Auken
"A Regular Girl" ..... Frances Callam
"Dare Devil Jack" ..... Jack Wood
"The Man of the Hour" ..... Harlan Niles
"A Man and His Money" ..... Barne Oppermann
"The Idol Dancer" ..... Ange Stewart
"Spooks" ..... Those Who Stacked the Books
"Dangerous Eyes" ..... Sarah Bagshaw
"John Petticoats" ..... John Leutritz
"The Way of a Woman" ..... Bud McCormick

Jokes.

Tragedies

A man struck a match to see if his gasoline tank on his auto was empty. It wasn't.

A man patted a strange bulldog on the head to see if the critter was affectionate. It wasn't.

A man speeded up to see if he could beat the train to the crossing. He couldn't.

A man touched a trolley wire to see if it was charged. It was.

A pupil didn't prepare his lesson, not expecting to be called on. He was.

A man cut out his advertising to see if he could save money. He didn't.

♧ ♧ ♧

An Echo From the Past

The Wobbly One: "Offisher, did you she me f-fall?"

Officer: "Yes."

The Wobbly One: "Had you ever sh-sheen me before?"

Officer: "No."

The Wobbly One: "Then how d-did you know it washz me?"

♧ ♧ ♧

Prof: Jones, do you think you can handle the English language?

Fresh: Sir, my knowledge of the English language has always been my greatest asset.

Prof.: Good; take this dictionary down-stairs, then.

♧ ♧ ♧

The Scaly Thing!—"He asserted that Germany had pounded a **mailed fish** upon the table and declared that disarmament was one subject which would not be discussed."

O. Clark: How are things in Russia now? Is the Czar still reigning?

F. Whitney: Nope. He settled down to a drizzle long ago and now he's hardly mist.

♧ ♧ ♧

Leet D.: I had an awful dream last night.

Anne R.: Well, what did you dream?

Leet D.: I dreamt I was eating shredded wheat and when I woke half of the mattress was gone.

♧ ♧ ♧

"I am glad your baby has quit crying, madam. He disturbed everybody at the table."

"Yes, I've had an awful time getting him quiet. You are the first thing he has seen that amused him since we left the monkey cage at the Zoo."

♧ ♧ ♧

Not a Bolsheviki Riot—Just a 'Phone Conversation

"Hello Thatchoo, Bill?"

"Ya S'mac, ain't it?"

"Betchalife Wenja get back?"

"Lilwilago. Javvagood time?"

"Uh-huh "

"Whereja go, Bill?"

"S' p' f' l' d, werejoo?"

"Alenvil, jevvergo?"

"Uh-hum. Lots. Wenneyuh comminover?"

"Safnoon."

"Jeet yet?"

"No, jew?"

"No."

"Well, s'long."

"S'long."

Alumni.

Fern Nesbit has entered training over at the Saginaw General Hospital.

Gaze upon our married friends—Howard Schmelzer and Helen Perkins.

Bernice Baskins has gone to Detroit.

Elsie Wilber is at Michigan.

Charlotte Thomas is working at the Graphite.

Rolland Winston goes to M. A. C.—Trying to gain knowledge.

Zelma Hales is teaching drawing in Detroit.

Helen Burrill still teaches music.

Lucy Alber is a sophomore in School of Music at Michigan.

Wayne Wenger goes to Alma College.

Dante Archangelie and Twin Loible are among our married alumni.

Esther Woodruff is taking a nurse's training course at Michigan. Helen Merrill also attends.

Still more of our married friends—John Strickland and Leota Krausneck.—Congratulations

———o———

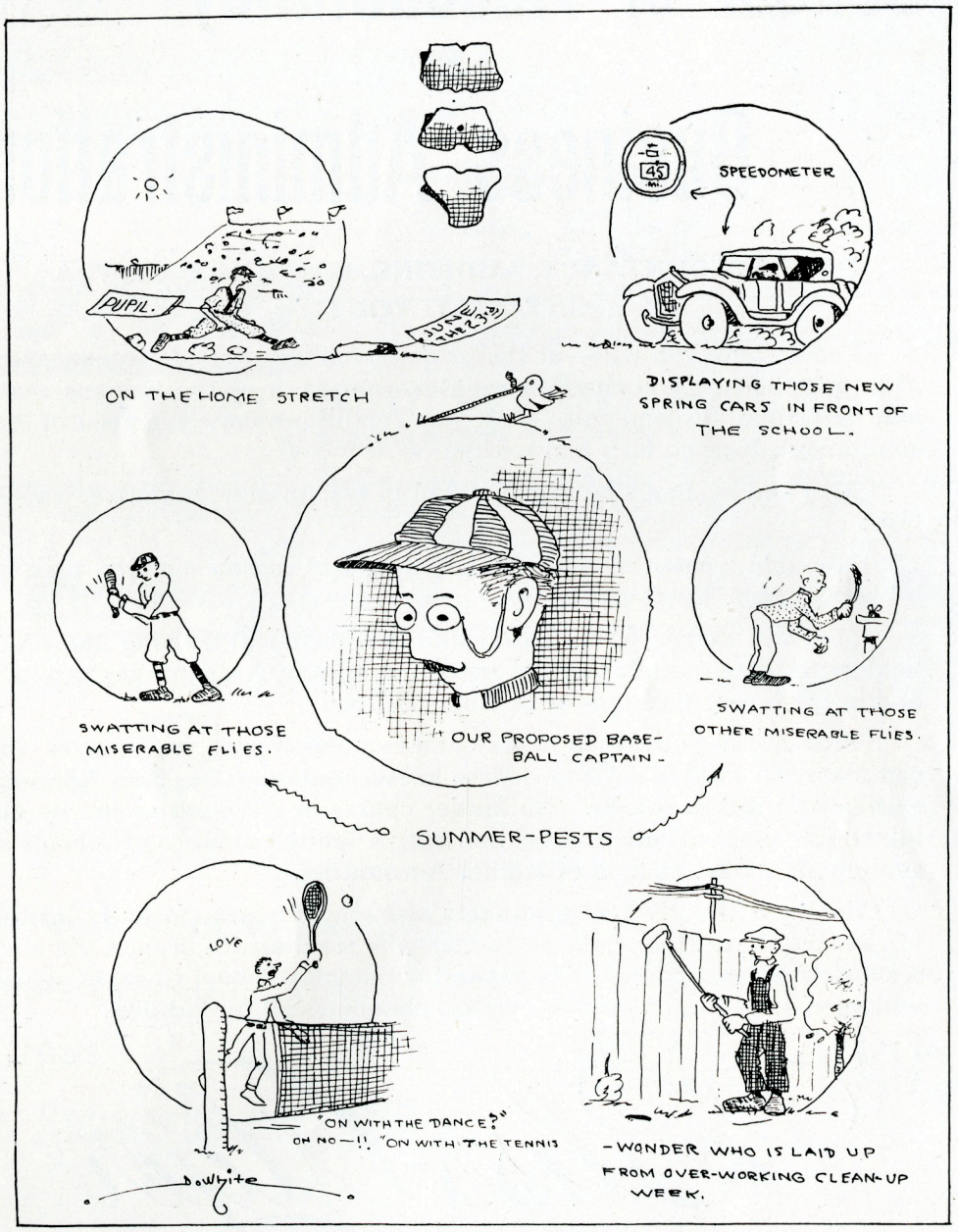
Honor and Merit Rolls.

Due to errors on the part of some person entrusted to recopy the material for the last issue of the "Lantern", or due to errors by the printers, the names of several people who had earned the right to be placed upon the Honor and Merit Rolls were omitted.

The "Lantern Staff" deeply regrets that this should have happened but as the exact source of the trouble is unknown, the blame cannot be placed in any one quarter.

As a correction to the list as published and as a means of giving credit to those to whom it is due, we offer the following names:

GRADE IX	Group
Hillman, Margaret	II
Musser, Viola	II
Pitcher, Ruth	I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DISPLAYING THOSE NEW SPRING CARS IN FRONT OF THE SCHOOL.
SWATTING AT THOSE MISERABLE FLIES.
OUR PROPOSED BASE-BALL CAPTAIN -
SWATTING AT THOSE OTHER MISERABLE FLIES.
SUMMER-PESTS
LOVE
"ON WITH THE DANCE?"
OH NO—!! "ON WITH THE TENNIS
D. White
-WONDER WHO IS LAID UP FROM OVER-WORKING CLEAN-UP WEEK.

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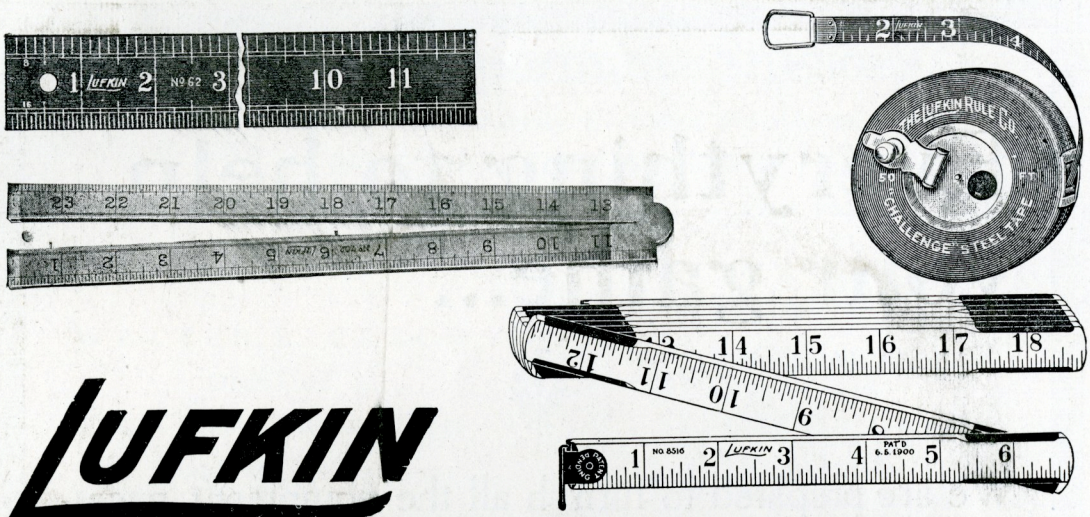

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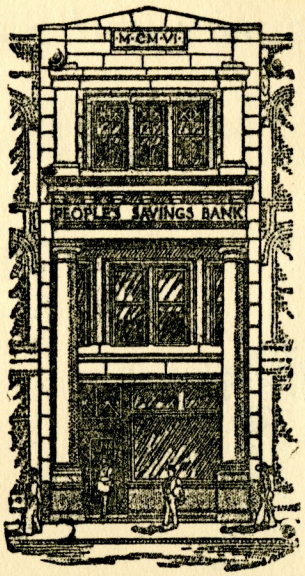

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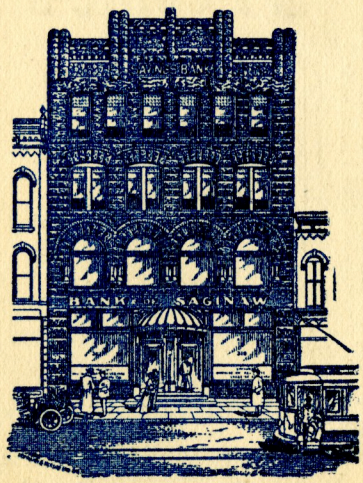

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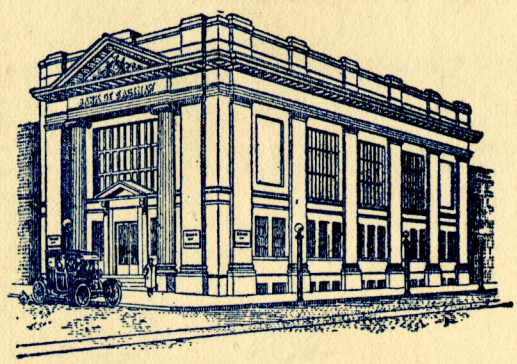

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